A French Critic on Rival National Arts. If criticism could create art, or even by castigation correct the artist, then the French school of painting and sculpture might be deemed the most favored in the whole world. Unfortunately the amount of act-criticism which sees the light in Paris is out of all proportion to any good result recorded. Prophets may pipe, yet painters will not always dance; they may mourn, and yet artists will not lament. And wherefore this perversity ? Partly because the teachers deserve not a hearing. They often lack knowledge; they are generally wanting in earnestness; they descant with equal fervor on a Madouna or a ballet dancer, and prove their vocation alike when they write of Christian art or of the last drama put upon the stage. A Freuch critic is not so much serious as smart; he makes reason give place to repartee; his wit has none of the weight of wisdom. Thus Edmond About, for the sake of laughter, will make as a comic actor "Un Voyage à travers l'Exposition des Beaux-Arts," while Theophile Gau-tier discourses on "Les Beaux-Arts en Europe" with the brilliant flippant pen of a Parisian feuilletoniste. Yet, on the other hand, we gladly admit that France can boast of a band of critics serious, searching, and calmly judicial. Such high and rare qualities, for instance, have been usually recognized in Les Etudes of Gustave Planche; a like sobriety, also, we esteem in the well-weighed criticisms of Maxime du Camp. Seldom, however, has it been our good fortune to find sparkling wit in alliance with sober wisdom; in Paris, as elsewhere, either quality may be met with in isolation, but seldom both in co-operation. Thus, for example, M. Ernest Chesneau, the author of the volume before us, is rather plodding than brilliant; he is accustomed to labor upon topics through a series of years; he matures his ideas step by step. Hence the several works which, from time to time, he has given to the public, have acquired a somewhat unusual solidity. His judgments, as we shall proceed to show, if not absolutely beyond appeal, may be quoted in any critical court of Europe as grave authorities. Even from a French critic we can expect

little that is new and sparkling respecting such well-known phases in English art and literature as the pictures of the Pre-Raffaellites and the writings of Mr. Ruskin. Yet journalists across the Channel continue to find matter for endless awazement and merriment in the lawless evolutions and the startling eccentricities of the teacher and his supposed disciples. M. Chesneau justly assigns the collective phenomena to certain common causes, and, coming late into the field, he is able to take a wide survey of the entire movement, and to give to abnormal pictorial products their true position in the development and history of the world's art. He declares that "the brotherhood" is scattered, that the faith is surrendered, save perhaps by Mr. Holman Hunt. "The Light of the World" he designates, with some irreverence, "The Divine Diogenes:" he supposes that "Christ and the Doctors," which "some years since threw all London into commotion," might possibly satisfy "antiquaries, theologians, and physiognomists;" but, alas! he adds, how difficult is it to content "tout le monde et son valet." A Jewess, after naving pondered over this picture, gravely ob-Berved:-"Cela est fort beau; seulement, on voit que l'auteur ne connaissait pas le trait distinctif de la race de Juda; il a donné à ses docteurs les pieds plats, qui sont de la tribu de Ruben, tandis que les hommes de Juda avaient le coude-pied cambié." The critic next passes under review another picture, which in its day produced no slight sensation—"The Afterglow in Egypt." Again, M. Chesneau identifies, perhaps too closely, Mr. Holman Hunt with "the resthetics of the school whereof Mr. Ruskin is the chief." The author, as usual, mingles satire with enlogy; he extols the merits of this marvellous product of industry and study, elaborated "with a patience which defies the most attenuated and subtle imaginations of Lilliput," and which shows "the application of the most admirable -or the most toolish-principles of Mr. Ruskin." The studiously pictorial passage with which the writer clinches his criticism on this Egyptian figure is so pre-eminently French, so little like anything we are accustomed to encounter in current English literature, that we transcribe it for the edification, or rather the amusement, of our readers:-

"Yet she disquiets me, this mournful figure, and I would fain decipher the enigma of the Sphinx. Shall I propose a new interpretation? Sphinx. Shall I propose a new interpretation?

I see her no longer as royal wife or daughter, nor yet as goddess; I behold the image of modern Egypt. In these eyes without sparkle—black, haid, impenetrable by light as an extinguished coal—in this fatal immobility, as in this yoluptuous amplitude of slave or courtesan, I seek the symbol of Egypt, discrowned of the grandeur of her ancient civilization, fallen from her intellectual royalty, reduced simply to the abundance which the mud of the Nile, and eternal nature grant upto her fertile climate. eternal nature, grant unto her fertile climate, But why does see turn her back upon the river, unless that she may not behold the gigantic ruins of her former power, now fallen, prone upon the bank? Under the weight of the heavy grain she stands firmly, firm as granite, and, like granite, without life; she has only vegetative life, animal life, and deep within, a glow, a light, a remembrance.
"By aid of imagination other solutions of this

riddle may be found. I leave such task to the patient spectator, and here is just the manifest error of this symbolic idealogical picture; it possesses the sight fault of being unintelli-gible, or at least—what amounts to the same— of lending itself to as many interpretations as there may appear interpretary there may appear interpreters."

French critics are somewhat behind the day in assigning to Mr. Ruskin a dominant influence over the exhibitions and art products of the year. M. Chesneau devotes a chapter to the enigmas which Mr. Euskin's disquisitions and rhapsodies present. In Paris the art-prophet of Denmark Hill has been regarded rather as a phenomenon than as a genius, and his performances would perhaps have been merely passed over as too sublime to be comprehensible, had they not come from England with a reputation already achieved. Even on the Continent it has been found out that he is somewhat errant and eccentrie, fantastic and inconstant. Enthusiasm and command of language have been accorded to Mr. Ruskin, but not sobriety or soundness of judgment. His errors are supposed to lie in degmatism and paradox, in a propensity to speculation, and in a love of fine-drawn theory. Among his actual mistakes are enumerated inordinate laudation of Turner, implacable hatred of the Renaissance, and a merciless enslaught upon Raffaelle. One critic writes that Mr. Ruskin has consecrated his life to the denunciation of the Renaissance: another that, by a logic simply audacious, he has pronounced Raffaelle the first apostate of religious art. Al this may be a little stale to English readers. The following extract, how-ever, from a work entitled L'Esthétique anglaise; étude sur M. John Ruskin, may commend itself to notice by a piquancy peculiarly Parisian:-

Parisian:—

"As a theorist (writes M. Misland), Mr. Ruskin has a stubbornness and wilfulness which condemn him to vary ceaselessly, and yet to cheat himself and mask his own variations. He wishes to find a theory—he persuades himself that he has found one; and then follow incessant struggles between his impressions and his professions, struggles between his various instincts. Far from seeking unison, his sentiments seek only which shall affirm itself the loudest. When he has two opposite inclinations, neither is willing to make the slightest concession; and under the pretext that both can coexist in him, under the pretext that

there is no inconsistency in loving but while loving cold, Mr. Ruskin succeeds in convincing nimself that a thing may be at the same time both but and cold. In fine, I know not how better to compare him than to the decoration of one of those cathedrals which he has so mar-veilously described. There is an unspeakable mixture of solemn ecalasies and causic severimixture of sciemn coatalies and causic severities, of exact observations and of extravagant bursts of sentiment, of cool judgments and of involuntary eruptions of imagination; there is a copious vegetation of thought, a reason often incontinent, always active and strong, with inexpressible convulsions of fear and of rapture, with surging visions, with an interior chaos of disorganized vitalities and of indomitable unreason."

"Rival Nations in Art" is clearly a volume written in the interests of the French school. We are quietly told that the last Great Exhibition in Paris did but proclaim once more the supremacy of French painters. Yet M. Chesneau, who five years ago extolled the chief leaders of French painting in the nineteenth century, cannot but now deplore the irreparable losses his country has sustained. In the death of Ingres, Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, Vernet, Decamps, Delaroche, and Hippolyte Flaudrin, the national art is discrowned of its glories. Religious painting is all but annihilated, classic styles are at a discount, historic art has sunk to the level of genre. Yet French critics are naturally loth to admit that what Paris for the instant applands can be anything short of perfection. Still they do permit themselves to mourn over the past, though they have scarcely the heart to deplore the present. For better or for worse, naturalism is now

in every capital of Europe the order of the day; and Paris, as usual among "rival natious in art," takes the lead. Naturalism, however, she mitigates by a warm flush of romance-"romantic naturalism," perhaps, may best express the present aspect of the French school. In sentiment it is avowedly false, in morality dublous; but even its enemies must concede that for brilliance, dexterity, and technical skill, the school, even as now shern of its splendor, has never been surpassed. But Paris is accustomed to assert more than her due; she may be France, but fortunately, as yet, she is not the world; and for a long time still to come there is likely to subsist at all events among "rival nations in the art" of landscape implacable jealousies. That Théodore Rousseau, when in competition with the landscape painters of Germany, Scandinavia, England, and America, should have carried off the grand prize, is a misdeed never to be forgotten or forgiven. Still, we readily admit that the students of nature in all countries have much to learn from the French. Our neighbors are remarkably true in relations and tones; if their colors are in scale restricted, they are balanced in concord; greys and greens especially are mingled with just gradation; the relation between shade and half-shade, between sunshine and half-sunlight, is as absolutely true as the chords of an instrument in perfect tune. Yet, strange to say, the French, by some unaccountable perversity, will persist in pitching their colors in a dirty dismal key, as if our foggy English climate were their beau ideal.

M. Chesneau's conclusions as to "the influence of International Exhibitions," and his

opinions "on the future of art," are of weight. It is evident to all that these congresses of civilization tend to concentration and centralization—that the isolation, if not the inde-pendence, of the individual becomes merged in the collective mass; it is further clear that the publicity gained secures to the many the knowledge and power which formerly were the exclusive possession of the few. Moreover, record being taken of progress made, the civilized world, it is supposed, can be no longer subject to the periodic revul-sions and retrogressions of past times; knowledge will not again fall under the eclipse of dark ages, nor will science revert to pre-scientific empiricism. But though all this may be readily granted, the question remains, whether art, as art, is likely to be the gainer? We are glad to observe that M. Chesneau has the boldness to to the "Own Correspondent" of the Times declare that one effect of monster exhibitions "vulgarization." There can be little doubt that the tendency of crowded international concourses is democratic; a vast gallery made large enough to hold a mob will be more congenial to the illiterate multitude than to an audience select and few. Standards are thus almost inevitably brought down to broad averages; genius, if there be any, becomes subject to the tyranny of majorities; whatever in art asserts itself loudest is surest of honor and reward. General uproar deatens the artist to the voice of truth and beauty, which speaks timorously in the quiet chambers of the miud. Hence, by innate repugnance, not a few painters in our own times have eschewed exhibitions wholly, and it would certainly be hard to conceive of Fra Angelico in the erowded Gallery of the Champ de Mars. These fierce arenas of competition and strife exert upon collective schools, as upon individual artists, an influence not to be mistaken; distinctive characteristics are destroyed; salient pictorial styles, like protruding angles in a stream, are by persistent abrasion worn away. Hence national schools lose their nationality, till at length some have feared that the entire artworld might be left without latitude or longitude, diversity of climate, or distinction of race. Thus, what is personal in genius, or individual in nationality, may in the end become conglomorated into a mass, called by way of commendation "Cosmopolitan." The writer of the work before us, at all events, seems to think that in International Exhibitions originality is out of place, that creation is an anachronism, that property in ideas there can be none under a prevailing and a free-and-easy plagiarism. Every new idea which can be turned to profit is plundered; harpies lie in wait; and steam-worked machines are ready to multiply each thought into a thousand replicas. Every year, writes M. Chesneau, one sees, as a new plague of Egypt, clouds of fashionable grasshoppers; one sees them—these searchers without ideas, these plagiarists of the thoughts of others speeding to every quarter where has been any signal success, dividing, crumbling, corrupting the thought, burrowing into it and devour-ing it like mites; such is the plebeian process through which the arts are propagated and vulgarised. Yet would we suggest that compensation must come somewhere. There may possibly be reason to hope that the arts, in becoming less exclusive, may grow more widely repre-sentative; that in breaking away from the limits of schools they may, when enfranchised, encircle the world; that in rising above the unit of the individual and the partiality of a clique they will compass a wide hu-Genius possibly may not refuse to occupy this expanded territory. Yet we confess ourselves somewhat skeptical. One stern

ing the world's general progress, the arts have retrograded.—London Saturday Review. -Boston has a dollar store.

-Wisconsin enjoys oyster festivals. -A new cattle disease troubles Wisconsin. -Galveston's city clock has been sold for

fact is certainly awkward—that, notwithstand-

-Torento has Moss Park for a land speculation.

-Plymouth, Ind., has a young ladies' base-

ball club. -San Jose, Cal., has discovered beds of manganese.

Ritualism at Brighton.

From the London Saturday Rev ew. The so-called Ritualist movement in the Church of England has, on the whole, been fortunate in its exponents. It has necessarily had to contend with two great disadvantages. By the very law of its existence it is a practical, not an intellectual, movement, and so contrasts unfavorably with the Tractarianism of 1833. From the fact that it aims at conveying doctrine by symbol rather than by teaching, it gives an impression of laying an undue stress on the mere externals of religion. There was but one way in which these disadvantages could be surmounted, and the respect, if not the sympathy, of its opponents secured. Good works can never be illogical; self-devotion always implies something more than a love of outside show. That these two features have largely characterized the Ritualist leaders no candid critic will dispute. Whatever a man may hold of the services at a church like St. Alban's, he cannot without injustice deny the ceaseless zeal or the unostentations charity of those by whom they are carried on. If their theories are extreme, their practice is at least as conspicuously above the common level, and consistent skeptics are naturally inclined to pardon the fault in consideration of the accompanying virtue. It is not to be expected, however, that a

theological school should always be represented by its best men, and a conspicuous in stance to the contrary is furnished just now in the case of one Mr. Purchas. We cannot lay claim to an intimate acquaintance with this gentleman's antecedents, but, if we are rightly informed, St. James Chapel is more remarkable for its floral displays than for any special attention to what the Puritans used to call the root of the matter. In Ritualistic churches of better repute the clergy are usually more anxious to observe the minimum of ceremonial which they think right, than the maximum which they think practicable. They insist on certain practices which, rightly or wrongly, they regard as too closely identified with doctrine to be safely left in abeyance; but they are not on the look-out for the latest developments in vestments or decorations, nor desirous of keeping the attention of the congregation alive by a constant change of performances. Mr. Purchas apparently affects the opposite system. The reports which have appeared of the services at St. James' Chapel have displayed too profound an ignorance of the subject on which they professed to give infermation to be at all safe authorities, but the impression they leave on the reader certainly that the object of the incumbent is more to startle than to edify. We are often told that the great evil of the Church of Eugland at this moment is the prevalence of party spirit. The example of Mr. Purchas leads us rather to lament the want of party discipline. It is scarcely possible that the Ritualist leaders can approve of the excessive individualism of which St. James' Chapel is the theatre. No doubt the divergence observable between one Ritualist church and another is largely attributable to the taste of those who attend them, and this congregation may be considered ripe for vestments, while that has just been educated up to the point of altar lights. But it would certainly be well if the more prominent Ritualist clergy could agree upon some maximum of change, to be introduced as occasion should serve, but in no case to be exceeded. As things are now, the service of the Church of England bids fair to become an eclectic worship, composed of telling excerpts from the rites of every age and country, and, one would almost think, of every religion. There is a belief in country districts that

persons of weak intellect are specially favored by Providence, and this kindly theory certainly receives some support from recent events at Brighton. Surely simpleton was never so lucky in his adversaries as Mr. Purchas. From the Bishop of Chichester down no one has attacked him without immediately putting himself in the wrong. If the "Own Correspondent's" concealed object had been to gain sympathy for Mr. Purchas, he could not have hit the mark more surely than by suggesting to the "people of Brighton" that a riot would have been parfectly excusable. What the "people of Brighton," who are obliged neither to attend St. James' Chapel nor to pay Mr. Purchas, can have to do with the matter, he does not condescend to inform us; and we fail to understand why there should be any "credit" due to men for not breaking an established and well-known law. The confusion would not have been complete without the holding of a great Protestant meeting; and, that nothing might be wanting to the occasion, two theological acrobats of high repute were specially retained for the entertainment. We cannot compliment Dr. Blakeney or Dr. Cumming upon the success of their exertions to amuse the audience. We should say, indeed, that they are both getting rather stiff in the joints; at least, we are led to this conclusion by the entire absence of any new feats from their programme. If it were our province to advise the Committee of the Protestant Reformation Society, we should suggest pensioning off these veteran performers, and trying what may be done by an infusion of younger talent. Even in the controversy with Rome, sensationalism is the order of the day; and when such stars as Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are in the ascendant, it is really time for the heavy fathers of platform Protestantism to retire on their hard-won earnings. We cannot, of course, expect Dr. Blakeney or Dr. Cumming to recognize the change that has come over the popular taste. The latter especially tried on all his old arts with undiminished self-assurance. The announcement that he intended to preach in Brighton the sermon he preached at Dunrobin the other day was quite in his accoustomed manner; and we are sure that no genuine Brighton Protestant would think of questioning the claims of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Sutherland to be accounted the supreme judges of pulpit oratory. Next to the royal family and the Peerage, the Times has always been Dr. Cumming's touchstone of infallible truth, and the illicit literary connection he maintains with the great newspaper gives him a fellowfeeling for every member of its staff. The humblest pennyaliner comes in for the glory of being hated by the Pope—the highest praise doubtless which Dr. Cumming feels it in his power to confer. "He believed nothing wouldplease the Pope more than to gather all the reporters and writers for the press together in a bund'e, and burn them, himself dancing round the flames." The Times reporter is not behindhand in returning these compliments. While Dr. Blakeney is merely represented as treating his subject "at cousiderable length," Dr. Cumming is referred to as "the learned Doctor;" his address is 'listened to with great attention," and "constantly interrupted by applause;" and he "comments eloquently" upon the various subjects he handles. That the Pope is not a fervent upholder of the liberty of the press is no doubt true; but we are quite sure that when he makes up his fagot of writers he will take care to leave out Dr. Cumming. It is something to have your helot provided for you, without the expense of finding him in liquor; and on this principle a pradent Roman Catho-lic would willingly make Dr. Cumming im-

mortal, as the "melaneholy example" of what

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Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Bobbins' Wharf,
White Hill.
Leaves Arch Street Wharf Leaves South Trenton
Saturday, Nov. 7, don't go Saturday, Nov. 7, 9 A
Monday, "9, 7½ A.M Monday, "9, 11 A
Tuesday, "10, 8 A.M Tuesday, "27, 12
Wed'day, "11, 8½ A.M Wed day, "11, 12½ F
Thursday, "12, 9 A M Thursday, "12, 1 P
Friday, "18, 10 A.M Friday, "12, 2 F
Friday, "18, 10 A.M Friday, "12, 2 F
Fare to Trenton, 40 cents each way; Intermediplaces, 25 cents.

FOR WILMINGTON, CHESTI The element ARIRI leaves CHESNUT Str. Wharf at 846 A. M., and returning leaves Wilmit ten at 2 P. M. Excursion tickets, 15 cents, T stemmer S. M. Fell-Ton leaves OHESNUT Str. Wharf at 8 P. M. Fare, 10 cents.

OPPOSITION TO THE CO Bleamer JOHN SYLVESTER will make da excursions to Wilmington (sundays excursions to Wilmington (sundays excursions), tone ing at Chester and Marcus Hook, leaving ARC Birect wharf at 945 A. M. and 350 P. M. returni leave Wilmingtor at 7 A. M. and 1250 P. M. Light freights taken.

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